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Millennial Star

MONTHLY MAGAZINE ON MORMONISM

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SCIENCE and RESEARCH

By Dr. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, Jr.
From the "Improvement Era"

THE blackboard was invented by James Pillans, famous Scottish educator and classical scholar, about 1823. He finally used a board of beechwood stained with logwood, after several experiments, and his students helped him grind his chalks and mix them with colours.

★

TANTALUM, the non - corrosive, stronger than steel, blue-white metal, has found new, valuable uses recently. With a melting point about 500 degrees fahrenheit, it has been used for electric lamp and radio tube filaments. It is now used in medicine, since it is easily malleable; it has been used for plates in the skull, and plastic surgery. Tantalum has replaced silk and catgut for sewing nerves together. Bone and tissue will grow over tantalum and to it. A new type of glass, using tantalum with tungsten and lanthanum, with no sand, has doubled the lens speed in aerial photography.

★

THE appendicitis death rate has been reduced to almost half in the last four years.

★

THE Straits of Dover, as they are called on the English side of the Channel, are called by the French ,Straits of Calais (Pas de Calais) from the main city on the French side.

THE chemist of the duPont Company have developed a new chemical process which makes wood extra strong, flame-resistant, and warp-proof. . Poplar can be made harder than maple, cottonwood can be treated so that it warps less than mahogany. The wood is put in a vacuum to remove the air, then methylolurea is drawn into the chamber and the airless wood soaked in a solution containing methylolurea, which can include dyes if desired. The chemical reaction with the wood forms a hard, insoluble, unmeltable resin from the surface into the heart of he wood, at a cost of about threepence a board foot.

★

ATTACKS of influenza were reduced by two-thirds by vaccination in men in the Army Specialized Training Programme at eight universities scattered over the United States, during the winter epidemic.

★

ABOUT fifty thousand names have been used for the various parts of the body, but this has now been reduced to an official list of about five thousand.

The "MILLENNIAL STAR"

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READ THE "MILLENNIAL STAR" THOUGHTFULLY, PRAYERFULLY AND REGULARLY

Millennial Star

MONTHLY MAGAZINE ON MORMONISM

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AUTUMN

by FORREST REID

Slowly, one by one,
Through the damp-smelling, misty air of Autumn, the delicate leaves drop down,
Covering the grass like a carpet—
A carpet woven in gold and silver—
And the sun,
Shining through the bare black trees,
Turns to a glory of gold these dying woods.

Ah! if any poet
Could stay that brief, splendid vision,
Gather these autumn glories into his song,
What joy were his!

Let the winds scatter
The broken scarlet web of autumn wide over the world!
Soft with sleep,
Let the delicate air sigh through the naked branches,
That still preserve their beauty,
Though a barer, a more austere beauty than the green beauty of summer.

Now the sap of life runs low:
All that we did in life's spring-time and summer seems far away.
Faint as a dream, and quiet, and the sports of those days—the shouts and the laughter.
Sad enough they seem
Now that we know well how brief and how fragile they were.

Gone, gone is their merriment.
Only an echo remains while the curtain of night is descending:
But how lovely that echo!
Lovelier far than the shouts and the laughter, the songs and the childish play:
Lovely as autumn.

HE IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD

(Delivered over KSL and the Columbia Church of the Air, from the Salt Lake City Tabernacle, Sunday, 9th April, 1944, during the 114th Annual Conference).

★

PERHAPS no day now goes by that some home is not made desolate by receipt of a message from the War or Navy department beginning: "We regret to inform you . . ." Then a few phrases about courage, devotion to duty, dying gloriously, and some mother knows the dull heavy thud of a heart-break signalling blasted hopes for her boy that will not come home again. No one may know what reveries troop through her mind as she sits alone disconsolate. . . . The boy that lay nestled under her heart, the boy she nourished from her own body during his helpless infancy, the boy for whose future she had dreamed dreams into which were woven the praises of men's tongues as they extolled his achievements and whose children should one day sit upon her knee as she told them the story of his rise to fame. . . . Now all seems ended, the promise of life cut off, made fruitless, all strivings and sacrifices vain. Her boy is dead, victim of blundering human stupidity in a recreant, wilfully disobedient world.

Then, perhaps, as she sits with her musings, companioned by despair, she sees a vision of hope, born of the story of that other mother, who with a few women and one lone disciple, watched so long ago at the foot of the cross as her first born, nailed high upon it, died in agony between malefactors, 'mid the jeers and taunts of a ribald soldiery and the gloatings of apparently victorious, bigoted and vengeful adversaries. His birth had been heaven-proclaimed, for the angel of God came to that mother at Nazareth and said:

> Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God.
>
> . . . thou shalt conceive . . . and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus."
>
> He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David:
>
> And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end. (Luke I. 30-33).

Then the bereft mother of today may catch an understanding glimpse of the conflicting emotions which must have tugged and pulled at the heart of Mary as, after seeing him laid in the tomb, she reviewed the checkered and mysterious life of this heaven-heralded Son.

Etched ineffaceably upon her memory must have been that angelic salutation: "Hail, thou art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women." And again her heart must have throbbed as she recalled the prediction of eternal kingship for her promised child. As memory's scroll unrolled, she would live again those thirty years of filial obedience until he went to be baptized of that strange man, John. She would relive that long vigil in the wilderness, where he scorned the temptation to prostitute his power or to barter his soul for all the kingdoms of the world and their glory. Tracing his steps back to his native province, she would recall how he "went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people.

> And his fame went throughout all Syria: and they brought unto him all

by Albert E. Bowen

of the Council of the Twelve

sick people and they were taken with divers diseases and torments . . . . and he healed them.

And there followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond Jordan. (Matthew 5, 24-25).

She would probably see herself seated as a member of that congregation at Nazareth when he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day whence, because he said that the scriptures were fulfilled in him, his own townspeople drove him out and through the city to the edge of the escarpment with evident intent to cast him headlong into the abyss below. But, apparently, for once exercising his power in his own behalf he passed through them and went his way. There would pass in review before her mind his triumphal entry into Jerusalem when the people thronged to meet him and strewed the way with their garments and with palm branches and shouted: "Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." (Matthew 21, 9).

Again she would hear his penetrating words from the side of the mountain by the seashore, as in that most wonderful of all sermons ever uttered by the lips of man he called blessed the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and those who are reviled and persecuted and evil spoken of for his name's sake, and would witness again in retrospect his compassionate feeding of the multitude and see them attempt forcibly to crown him king, only to turn back and "walk no more with him," when he explained that his doctrines laid heavy exactions upon those who followed him in the matter of the purity and fidelity of their personal lives.

Looking back she would recall how he had astonished the learned by the depth of his understanding, and confounded by his unfailing wisdom; how he showed mercy to the sinner, brought comfort to hypocritical questioners by the power of the disconsolate, hope to the oppressed, cheer to the heavy laden, and healing to the broken hearted.

All these triumphs Mary must have witnessed or heard report of. And then, last of all, would come the sickening vision of his being tried before Herod and Pilate, meekly submitting to be dressed in a purple robe, with a crown of thorns crushed upon his brow, and mocked and scourged. And, finally, there would haunt her the sight of his staggering under the weight of his own cross and dying in agony upon it.

What was to be made of it all? This ignominious death seemed to spell the failure of his life, the frustration of his mission and the thwarting of the promise of perpetual reign over the kingdom which should be without end.

But Mary had not long to wrestle with these perplexities for: "In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week . . ." came the women to the sepulchre to perform certain unfinished offices for the dead. Their wonder grew as an angel, who was seated upon the stone, which had been rolled back from the door of the tomb, said:

Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here: for he has risen, as he said . . . And go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead. . . . (Matthew 28, 1-7).

Such is the glorious message of that great triumphal morning. It bore to Mary the answer to her bewilderment. Now she could know that the promises for her Son, made at the Annunciation, had not failed, that his life of anxiety and care and suffering and sorrow had not been in vain. So, in like manner, may every brooding mother who has received a "We regret to inform you" letter draw strength from the assurance that the life of her loved one has not failed. Perhaps, within his finite limitations, in a weak similitude of the great vicarious offering of the Lord for the redemption of the race her boy, too, has given his life, a vicarious offering. For, in this world, he himself will never reap the fruits of his own sacrifice.

As such mother sits alone with her anguish and reviews the events of the life of her martyred son there may unfold before her vision the scroll upon which are written the experiences of Mary, the mother of the Son of God, and from the final triumph of his life, she may draw the sustaining power of hope and faith; for the resurrection is as universal as the race.

Its bringing about was the great crowning achievement of Christ's life. To that consummation its whole course had been directed. As he approached the time of his agony, he said, "but for this cause came I unto this hour." (John 12, 27).

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth," said he again, "will draw all men unto me." (John 12, 32).

Further, he told his disciples: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." (John 12, 24).

So his death and burial and resurrection from the dead bears fruit in the raising of all who die. That was the whole burden of the message of the disciples.

Paul, standing in bonds before Agrippa, said:

> At midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me.
>
> And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.
>
> And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. (Acts 16, 13-15).

These are not the words of an unlettered man, nor of one infatuated by living under the spell of the powerful personality of Jesus, or deluded by the stories told of him by his admirers. For by his own confession Paul had lived a Pharisee, the strictest sect of his religion, they who had been the subjects of the Lord's severest chastisements.

He hated the Christians with a bitter hate. He had testified against them when they were condemned to death; had hounded them from city to city, thrown them into prison, compelled them to blaspheme, and had vilely persecuted them. He was on such mission to Damascus when the light appeared before him in the way and he heard the risen Lord's voice. The reality of his experience—the sincerity of his conversion—is attested by the devotion of his subsequent life, enduring shipwreck, privation, persecution, chains, and finally death for his testimony of the reality of the atoning sacrifice of Jesus. With faultless logic he wrote to the Corinthians:

> Now if Christ be preached that he arose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?
>
> But if there is no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen:
>
> And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. . . .
>
> But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. (I Cor. 15, 12-20).

That doctrine is the centre and pivot of Christian theology, the foundation of the Christian religion, the very basis of Christian hope. Strip that dogma from your creed and you destroy Christianity. Take it away, and you devitalize your New Testament, for it is the fundamental fact of that whole record.

It is related that in Europe, the great evangelist, Mr. Moody, was asked by a young minister, "What makes the difference between the success of your preaching and mine; one of us is wrong."

Moody said: "You have heard me preach and I haven't heard you, you tell me the difference." The minister answered: "You make a good deal out of the death of Christ. . . . I don't think that has anything to do with it. I preach life."

Then Mr. Moody quoted him several scriptures declaring the atonement, and asked the young preacher with respect to each, "What do you do with that?" He said in each instance, "I never preached that," and finally asserted: "I think the whole thing is a sham." Then said Mr. Moody:

"I advise you to get out of the ministry very quickly. I would not preach a sham. If the Bible is untrue, let us stop preaching, and come out like men and fight against it, if it is a sham and untrue; but if these things are true, and Jesus Christ left heaven and came into this world to shed his blood and save sinners, then let us lay hold of it and preach it in season and out of season."

That is one of the things that admits of no compromise. It is of the "all or none" variety. The same record which recounts the miracle of the resurrection contains all we know about the moral teachings of Jesus. You can't very well repudiate it as to the one and enlist enthusiastic allegiance for it in respect of the other. Today is kept a memorial by all Christendom. The very commemoration of the day assumes the reality of the occurrence it signalizes, for you cannot commemorate an event that never happened.

The great stumbling block to acceptance of the crucifixion and the resurrection, seems to be that they are thought opposed to natural law. But what is natural law? Who established it? It is conceded on almost all sides that there is a supernatural law operative in this universe. Who is to say that in effecting the purposes of God it may not transcend natural law? If you grant God at all, does it seem consistent to suppose that he set laws in motion which froze him outside of them and rendered him impotent before the works of his own hands?

We know so little about this wondrous world in which increasing knowledge only reveals vistas stretching further and further into the realms of the unknown that he must be a reckless man indeed who would dare affirm of his own finite wisdom what is and what is not possible with God.

The record tells of an occurrence when Jesus with his disciples and "much people" were entering the city called Nain. They were met by a funeral procession taking to his burial the only son of a widow. Having compassion upon that mother, Jesus bade her cease weeping, and bidding the young man to arise from the bier he delivered him alive to her. As he stopped that funeral procession and restored the dead to life, so by his death and resurrection he has stopped for ever the triumph of death for all men.

To every weeping mother the empty tomb proclaims aloud the glad tidings that whether the bones of her child lie bleaching on Africa's hot sands, or find their rest in the bottom of the sea, or his body is lowered into the grave, he shall be raised up again and live.

TABERNACLE CHOIR IN MOVIES

WHILE one film carrying the voices of the famous Tabernacle Choir was having its premier in Salt Lake, another possessing some special work by the organization was on its way back to Hollywood.

Background music for a United States War Department film on the highlights of the Italian campaign was placed on a sound track by the choir after but four rehearsals. So excellent was the performance of the 300-voice organization, chosen for the work through inability of the producers to find another choir its equal in the West, that musicians and technicians who handled the recording could put their praise to the choir in Hollywood language only, as they said sincerely, " You are stupendous."

On hand to offer his suggestions in the matchless interpretation offered by the singers was Dmitri Tiomkin, who arranged the music, based on a theme by Gabriel Faure. Latin lyrics were written by Pfc. John Levinson, also present for the recording operations.

In charge of the group, as business manager, was Lt. Roland Stewart, Army Signal Corps, formerly with Technicolor Motion Pictures Inc. Included were Max Rabinowitsch, rehearsal conductor, loaned by R.K.O. Pictures; Staff Sgt. Edward Haire, Cpl. David Tamkin, symphony arranger, Capt. L. D. Evans and Private Frederick Morris.

Meanwhile, the Fitzpatrick travel talk, " The City of Brigham Young," opens at the Centre Theatre, with the Tabernacle Choir furnishing a portion of the background music, through special words and arrangement of Anton Rubenstein's " Kammenoi Ostrow." —" Deseret News."

FOUNDATIONS OF HAPPINESS

(Address delivered at the Thursday morning Session of the 114th Annual General Conference, 6th April, 1944, in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City).

As I look into your faces today, I realize that here is a very fine cross section of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and I don't know where anybody could go in the world to witness a finer group of men in worship than we have here today.

I am grateful that President Grant was able to be with us. It is a marvel to me how his life has been preserved. Three times, to my knowledge, his life has been despaired of by those who are close to him, and he has been healed by the power of the Lord. Today is an evidence of what can come to an individual who lives a righteous life. He has always been active and a hard worker, and yet today, at eighty-seven years of age, he comes to us to enjoy part of conference, though his limited strength requires that he return to his home and rest before he can come back again.

I trust that I may have the benefit of your faith and prayers, that I may be led to say something that will be helpful, something that may cause us to feel that it is a privilege to be identified with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. When we realize the situation that people of the world are confronting everywhere, when we pause long enough to consider that the world is in a critical condition, that the destruction of life and property goes on and increases as the days go by, we may be grateful that we have benefited by those who were our forebears, who heard the cry to "Come out of her, O my people, that ye partake not of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

When I realize that our people were gathered from a prosperous, fine section of the world, in most cases, and were transplanted by the power of God, and no other power, to live in these mountain vales at a time when they were considered unfit for the habitation of civilized man, and then see what the Lord has done for us, I marvel.

It has been my privilege to travel in many parts of the world; it has been a great joy to me to mingle with men and women in many nations, fine, wonderful characters, all sons and daughters of our Heavenly Father, but when I come back to the valleys and mountains, and partake of the influences that I find here, my heart swells with gratitude for my membership in this Church, that bears the name of the Redeemer of mankind, so named by him.

It would seem, as you look over the conditions in the world, that men generally have lost all understanding of the purpose of life. A great majority of the people of the world do not know why we are here; but the Lord, in the beginning, started with our first parents who were placed upon the earth, began teaching his children the purpose of life, and gave to them rules of conduct, which, if observed, would have enriched their lives, brought happiness in mortality, and enjoyment of eternal life in the celestial kingdom.

When the Lord began the peopling of this earth—and he prepared it for the people who live upon it — he provided everything that is necessary to make us happy. You cannot think of anything that we need that is not provided. As the years, the centuries, have passed, there have been uncovered new opportunities for development, refinement, culture, and happiness in almost every part of the world.

by George Albert Smith
of the Council of the Twelve

When the children of Israel were coming out of bondage, where they had been taken in order that a great and wonderful work might be performed they came out to the Promised Land, and on the way the Lord talked, face to face, with Moses, who was their leader, and gave to him a marvelous rule of conduct, the Ten Commandments.

I would like to read just a part of those commandments, at least, and call attention to the fact that from the beginning of time, so far as this earth was concerned, when it was populated, our Heavenly Father has been advising his children what to do, in order that they might be happy. He has never counseled them to do anything that would make them unhappy. He has offered a premium of eternal happiness to those who will live in mortality according to his advice and counsel.

When the children of Israel were in the wilderness, they disobeyed the commandments of the Lord. It was not very long until they were doing things that displeased him. Notwithstanding, they were led all day by a pillar of cloud, and at night their whereabouts was indicated by a pillar of fire. A cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night! And they were fed manna, or "angel food," to preserve them while they travelled through the wilderness.

While they were there, in order that there could be no mistake on their part as to what would make them happy, the Lord gave to them these commandments. I want to emphasize that, I want to say that the only way of happiness is the pathway of righteousness. There is no other way. We refer to them as commandments, though I have always looked upon them as the loving advice of a kind Heavenly Father who, knowing all things, has pointed the way, that his children might be happy.

Now, he says:

> Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

I hope the membership of this Church realize that profanity in the sight of our Heavenly Father is displeasing, and that there follows a loss of blessings whenever we fail to measure up in the way that he indicates we should.

Again, let us read:

> Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: But the seventh is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Now, that is the advice of your Father and mine. That is the advice of the Father of our spirits, given to our forebears thousands of years ago, given with the expectation that they would listen, at least many of them, to his wise counsel; and if they had observed to keep that commandment, to honour the Sabbath day and keep it holy all through the ages, there would be an entirely different condition in the world today.

There was no happiness worthy of that name which resulted from violating the Sabbath day, in the time of Moses, and I want to say to you there is no happiness for us now, when we violate the Sabbath day.

> Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

"Honour thy father and thy mother—" you men here, most of you, are fathers, and you know what it means to have a child respect you and honour you in your place as head of the household. Our Heavenly Father is just as pleased with us when we honour him.

"Thou shalt not kill." Think of the distress that is in the world today as a result of the violation of that advice of our Heavenly Father. Millions of people are being involved, and many millions more are made to suffer as the result of the destruction of human life in viola-

tion of the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

"Thou shalt not commit adultery." One of the greatest distresses in all the world today is the disease that afflicts the human family as a result of immorality. There isn't anything that will destroy a man's self-respect like abusing himself and defiling his body by becoming immoral. Our Heavenly Father did not place us in a position where we could not help ourselves. He gave us our agency in all these things, and for the observing of his counsel, he gave to us a promise, and that promise was happiness.

"Thou shalt not steal." Just think of the theft, the dishonesty, that is in the world today—taking that which belongs to a neighbour without his permission. We understand that in the United States alone there are organized bands of marauders and thieves that number hundreds of thousands, feeling that they can do just as they please. The remarkable thing is that the man who steals never receives any happiness as a result of his theft. He loses his own self-respect he loses the respect of his neighbours, and brings upon himself the displeasure of our Heavenly Father, who makes it possible for all of us to live without stealing, if we will.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Think of the sorrow and distress in the world, as a result of men and women gossiping about their neighbours, testifying to things, or referring to things that are not true,and implying that they are true. But they never get any happiness out of it. You never saw a gossip in your live that was happy. He is just as unhappy and miserable as the devil all the time—and of course he is in Satan's company when he is gossipping about his neighbours.

This is one of the transgressions that the Lord points out particularly, and we ought to be very careful. If we state anything it should be the truth. We should never testify to anything that is untrue. And if we are truthful always our Heavenly Father has assured us happiness.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

Some people are never satisfied with what they themselves possess, but they want something that somebody else possesses, and if they cannot obtain it any other way, they will obtain it by foul means. But it does not result in happiness.

I want to say, in passing, my brethren, if we want to be happy, we must conform our lives to the wise counsels of our Heavenly Father, who gave these Ten Commandments to ancient Israel, and they are binding upon modern-day Israel just the same.

Now when the Saviour was upon the earth in the meridian of time, he taught his disciples what they should do, exhorted them to the works of righteousness, and marked the pathway that would lead them into his presence in the celestial kingdom—not only did he advise his children in the Old World, but he came over into this western hemisphere and taught the people the same things here. Why? Because he wanted them to be happy; he wanted them to utilize their time upon the earth to their advantage and not waste it. He came down from Heaven, and they saw him coming out of Heaven. He gave them counsel and advice that is contained in the Book of Mormon, some of which is also contained in the Old and New Testaments.

He revealed the Word of Wisdom in our day with the promise of health and happiness and long life if we would observe it. Now, brethren, we cannot blame our Heavenly Father if we are not happy. We have nobody to blame but ourselves.

I can say to you that if we have the spirit of the Lord burning in our souls we cannot be unhappy. We read in Job that there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. If we keep the commandments of God we are entitled to that inspiration' and if we live as the sons of God ought to live, we will have that inspiration.and nobody can prevent it, and the result will be our own physical and mental and moral development in mor-

tality, and continued development throughout the ages of eternity.

So I am asking today that we examine ourselves. Let us set our our own homes in order. Are we observing the teachings of our Heavenly Father, or are we setting our own judgment up, and saying, "We'll do as we please?" The world may do that without so much criticism, it seems to me; but I cannot understand how we, who have received so many blessings, can do that. I cannot see how we can be satisfied with ourselves if, when we make a mistake, we do not correct it just as soon as possible. I am sure that most of us will make mistakes, but we do not need to go on making mistakes. I remember my own father saying to me when I was a child: "My son, you will go out into the world, and every once in a while you will stub your toe and fall down; but for goodness' sake, do not stub your toe twice in the same place."

I have thought of that a good many times. When I have made a mistake and found I have made it, I have tried to avoid it in the future. Insofar as I have done that, I have had happiness. I may say to you all the unhappiness I have known in the world has been the result of a failure to measure up in taking advice from our Heavenly Father and living it—all of it. It may not hove been my own transgression; it may have been the transgressions of some others that I love, but unhappiness has always violating the advice of our Heavenly Father.

You, brethren, hold the priesthood. That is why you are here. You are here because you have received a special gift from our Heavenly Father. You are here because the hands of the servants of God have been laid upon your heads and you have been given a divine calling and an opportuniy, and in addition to that you have been given all the advice that anybody has had in all the world to make us happy. Our Heavenly Father loves us, and he loves our lives when they conform to his teachings.

Now, we want to be happy. We want our homes to be happy. If we do, let them be the abiding place of prayer, thanksgiving and gratitude. Ask a blessing upon the food that we partake of. Fathers, be kind to wives and children, and children be kind to mother and father. "Love one another." Honour thy father and thy mother."

I feel very grateful that the Lord has made me capable of understanding some of these things . I am grateful that the inspiration of the Almighty has taken possession of me sufficiently that I have understanding in regard to these things, and he has given you the same opportunity, and you have enjoyed it.

Today, in this conference and the meetings that follow, we are here to wait upon the Lord. All the advice recorded in the scriptures we have access to; and then he calls us together, and advises us, under the influence of his spirit, to do the thing that is right. When we do what he wants us to do, we will never injure any living soul. We will always be helpful to them, and we will enrich their lives as well as our own.

I know that God lives; I know that Jesus is the Christ; I know that Joseph Smith is a prophet of the living God, and I am thankful to have lived in a day of the world when these things were made known unto the children of men. I am thankful to my forebears that they accepted the gospel and made it possible for me to partake of its blessings if I will.

..That the Lord may add his blessing, that we may continue faithful, that we may love one another, remembering those who have been our associates before, who have been faithful and have passed on, I humbly pray. As I stand here I think of the men who have preached the gospel of Jesus Christ from this pulpit, who have long since passed to their reward, and realize that in the not far distant future every one of us who are here will face our record, whatever it may be. With that feeling and that assurance, let us set our own homes in order, and our lives, and be rich in the companionship of the spirit of God, for the only pathway of happiness is the pathway of righteousness that will eventually terminate in the celestial kingdom, in the presence of our Heavenly Father, with the good men and women who have lived upon the earth from the beginning. I bear you that witness, in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

TRUTH, BEAUTY AND GOODNESS

(Address delivered at the Thursday morning Session of the 114th Annual General Conference, 6th April, 1944, in the Tabernacle).

MAY I say by way of introduction to the few words I wish to give this afternoon as a message, that the call of Elder Mark Petersen to be an apostle of our Lord and Saviour receives our hearty support and love. Elder Petersen is a high type of man, a Christian gentleman in every particular. What a fine work he is destined to do as a disciple of our Lord!

On entering these sacred grounds this morning, I saw the dentils that surround the cornice of this building. It is the dentils, and there are hundreds of them, that give beauty to the simple and unadorned cornice of the Tabernacle. You will note them just under the roof, if you will look closely. They were recently the inspiration for comment by the great American architcet, Thomas E. Tallmadge in his "Story of Architecture in America." He had been telling about the influence of Greek ideals on early American architecture, and says: "Up and down the Atlantic seaboard, through the Western Reserve, along the Gulf of Mexico, up the Mississippi, and over the plains, the Greek revival spread. I have noticed that the famous Tabernacle built in Salt Lake City by that extraordinary man, Brigham Young, has the tell-tale Greek profiles in its mouldings and cornices." Dr. Tallmadge refers to the dentils which give to this building a beauty relieving the cornice of its extreme unadornment. One famous artist said that the dentils remind him of a beautiful piece of old lace.

The angel on the centre tower of the temple also looked very beautiful this morning, bathed as it was by the gold light of the morning sun. I almost imagined hearing John the Revelator himself speaking to me his exquisite words as he peered into the future:

> And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people,
>
> Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him for the hour at his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters. (Rev. 14, 6, 7).

Then I passed the gull monument, the creation of our own Mahonri Young. It is in honour of the gulls in their saving the wheatfields of 1848, when they were being destroyed by the locusts. The south bronze of the monument was pronounced by Rodin, the most noted sculptor of France, as one of the outstanding pieces of American sculpture.

I speak of these things because they represent so much in our history. They are the creations of great men — great souls. Only a deeply religious people could create a building like this Tabernacle; only a good people could construct a building like yonder temple. A religious leader of India once wrote above the portal of a temple in Kashmir, India, these words: "O God, in every temple, I see people who see Thee." These buildings involved the human constants, common to humanity throughout the ages—hunger and labour, seed-time and harvest, love and death, faith and prayer all operated to produce the noble things you see on these sacred grounds.

My brethren, I often feel that we fail to see the beauty that lies all about us; we fail to realize that the three great characteristics of creation are truth, beauty, and goodness. God is behind all truth, beauty, and goodness, and there is nothing so noble for the soul, so uplifting as to be able to find beauty in all truth. In fact, it was the poet Keats who said: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." These statements apply to our Church works: The Holy Bible, the "Holy" Book of Mormon, the "Holy" Doctrine and Covenants, and the "Holy" Pearl of Great Price. I freely use the adjective "Holy", because all these four standard Church works are sacred. The Prophet Joseph Smith's entire life was devoted to

By Levi Edgar Young

of the First Council of the Seventy

discovering and having revealed to him the truths of God. These are the forces that made life what it was — a life of refinement and appreciation for the beautiful.

I believe, my brethren, that if we as missionaries will present the word of the Lord as contained in the standard works of the Church in a manner that will bring out the beauty of them, people will begin to read them as never before. Take the Holy Bible. When I read the first words as contained in the Book of Genesis:

> "In th beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; . . . And God said, Let there be light: and there was light . . . So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him—"

I feel thankful for prophets and revelators.

These words plant in our hearts the truth of truths. God is there in the heavens as our Father, the creator and ruler of the universe. It causes every soul to reach out to him and strive for eternity. Could any words be more beautiful. The Holy Bible is the book of God's word and teachings.

Says the Prophet:

> Call your solemn assembly . . . seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith. Organize yourselves; prepare every needful thing; and establish a house, even a house of prayer, a house of fasting, a house of faith, a house of learning, a house of glory, a house of order, a house of God. (D. and C. 88. 117-119).

Thoughts are precious seeds of life, and here we are taught to become thinkers. The Prophet Joseph founded a School of the Prophets and encouraged the study of the classical languages, including Hebrew. He himself worked hard at the Hebrew language and set us an example

of what it means to cultivate the mind, for "a great soul is strong to live as well as strong to think." The Prophet founded schools and the University of Nauvoo.

Then there is the Pearl of Great Price in which you find the beautiful Articles of Faith. Why this book is so neglected, I do not know. It is a perfect reservoir of truth, and in it, as in all the others I have mentioned, we can read about God directly, and become deeply moved by his holy words. There is an Arabian proverb which says: "A fig tree, looking upon a fig tree, becometh fruitful." When we recite the Articles of Faith let us speak from the depths of our souls, particularly when we repeat the words: "We believe in God, the Eternal Father; and in His Son, Jesus Christ; and in the Holy Ghost." We go to our holy books for life, for more life and keener life, for life as it crystallizes into higher and deeper significance. They create within us a senses of absolute truth, beauty and goodness. They impart to us the spirit of learning and wisdom and truth. They tell us which way we must go to find our God who leads us by our faith to the unity of the perfect life. May God bless us all and help us daily to understand his great truths. I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

"For intelligence cleaveth unto intelligence; wisdom receiveth wisdom; truth embraceth truth; virtue loveth virtue; light cleaveth unto light—" (D. and C. 88. 40).

THE GOSPEL PLAN

by HAROLD B. LEE

As an example of the doubts and the vain philosophies in the minds of some of our young people I want to read you a few statements contained in an article that appeared in a publication from our own state university during the last few weeks:

Heaven is for children. To the child's mind it is real. For the adult it belongs to the world of fanatsy and make-believe. If we have become adults we have left the idea of heaven behind. Perhaps the only mature individual who finds the everyday exhilarating and promising is the one who has supplanted his childhood beliefs in another worldly heaven with confidence in a heaven on earth. . . . The modern world is concerned chiefly with ethics rather than with theology, with better living than with the methodical analysis of the hereafter.

I suspect that that young student was thinking of the kind of heaven that too frequently is pictured, which requires much hymn singing and ever so much praying with rows and rows of saints continuous occupation; and perhaps kneeling in perpetual adoration at his idea of God and the creator is similar to that which has been expressed by one writer who spoke of God as "a sleepless active energy that actuates all things, so small and yet so complex as to dwell in the wonderful energies of life and sound and electricity, in the vital processes of human and animal form, in the motivating influences of the human heart," and so on. Such a one, who believes thus, would have no faith in the teachings of the scriptures or an understanding of their import. To one such the Church of Jesus Christ would be relegated to a mere organization of man, lacking either the reason for or the authority to administer the ordinances of salvation.

Heaven, as we have usually conceived it is the dwelling place of the righteous, after they have left this earth life, and the place where God and Christ dwell. Of this happy state the apostle Paul said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." The location of the place was made clear by the revelations of the Lord to us in this day when he said that the earth was to be the abiding place of those who were to inherit the celestial glory and that it would be cleansed from impurity in order to become that holy place. How the earth was to be prepared for that condition is indicated in brief visions recorded by a prophet who said he "saw a new heaven and a new earth." (Rev. 21: 1-4.) Another said, "and the end shall come and the earth shall be consumed and shall pass away and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth." (D. & C. 29: 23.)

The Prophet Joseph, speaking of the condition in which the earth would then be, after that cleansing and that purification, in its immortal state, declared that the earth would be as a crystal and a Urim and Thummim unto those who would dwell upon it. The interim dwelling place of the spirits, while this great change is taking place, is indicated in the revelation where the Prophet speaks of "a place of happiness called Paradise, a place where there shall be a state of peace, a state of rest, where men shall rest from all their troubles and from all care and sorrow." This rest spoken of was not to be a condition of inactivity but rather was to be what the Lord called it, a place where men and women were to enjoy the "fulness of his glory." To say that there would be no such a place as the state where one could have rewards or punishments for the things done in the flesh, would be to say that there would be no such a thing as a judgment; and to say that there would be no judgment would be to deny that there was atonement for the sins of mankind or that Jesus Christ was the author of salvation, the plan by which man could be sanctified for that holy state. To say

that there was no such a thing as the atonement would be to define sin merely as a philosophical formula. If one were to doubt in a life after death or in a resurrection from the dead, as such a belief would imply, then man would be of all men most miserable, because he lacks faith in that which would follow after his life here upon this earth.

I HAVE tried to think how a man would guide his life if he had this sort of feeling and this disbelief in heavenly things. Life, with its fleeting opportunities, it seems to me, would be a mad scramble for the satisfying of one's selfish ambitions and the seeking of worldly gain. Against that the Master declared himself in a parable where he spoke of the man of affluence who was seeking about for a place wherewith to bestow his goods:

And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou has provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God. (Luke 12: 18-21.)

Without the discipline of the rewards and punishment that are spoken of in the plan of life and salvation, passions and appetites would go on unbridled; vice and crime would go on unchecked and wicknedness would stalk our days. If the church is but man-conceived, then our care of the needy would not be for the spiritual and temporal welfare of those who are to be assisted, but our care would be extended, as in the case with so many public institutions, merely with the political or the social or the economic welfare of the state or of the individuals who administer it as the chief consideration.

I have a feeling that whenever we have among our leaders those who would say that the care of the needy should be left to public institutions and not to the church, there we have men who lack the spiritual insight into the spiritual values involved in caring for the unfortunate.

In the parable of the Saviour at the close of the great Sermon on the Mount he taught very plainly the doctrine that the storms of life would descend upon the wise as well as the foolish and by inference, upon the good as well as the bad, upon the rich and the poor, and that only those would survive, when those tests and trials should come, who had built their house upon the rock, because they had listened to the things which the Lord had taught them concerning the gospel plan.

IN battle those with faith in heavenly things forbid a dangerous fatalism that ofttimes induces carelessness and recklessness in combat as well as in private conduct. The kind of difficulty in which our young men to-day find themselves, the terrible struggles through which they are passing in battle, is revealed in an interesting bulletin we have just received from one of our chaplains down in the Italian area. He starts this bulletin by quoting from President Grant's great blessing to the boys in the military service some time ago. As I heard President Grant declare again a blessing upon our boys, I thought how well it would be if the bishops of wards and the presidents of stakes who have chaplains or our co-ordinators from their stakes now serving with the armed forces would write out that message and ask that they include it in their publications so that every boy in the service might have the chance to have the words and the power of that blessing.

Here was the description of some of the conditions of four hundred and fifty of our boys who were in that African and Italian area:

Two of our brethren in the infantry were killed during the month on the beachhead. The base censor has informed us that their names may not yet be divulged. I recall the last time I saw them. It was at a sacrament service in a make-shift medical dispensary in a town taken a short time previously. One of them administered the sacrament. Our

pioneer forefathers used to sing, "And should we die before our journey's through, happy day, all is well. We then are free from toil and sorrow, too,, with the just we shall dwell." Those appropriate words, "Come, Come Ye Saints," seem to particularly apply to our day. It probably will be welcome news that —— who was formerly reported missing in action is now definitely known as a prisoner of war in Germany. —— is in the hospital convalescing from a shell fragment wound in his leg. Lieutenant ——, who was referred to last month as being grateful for escaping with his life when a German one hundred and fifty millimeter shell struck his truck and failed to explode, is this month spending time in a hospital recuperating from the after-effects of the thunderous jolt. —— has been released for duty again after recovering from an encounter with a shell fragment. —— is still having his injured foot looked after by the medics but expects to be returned to duty shortly. —— had a brief career on white sheets while getting over the effects of a mortar shell piece that crashed through his helmet and grazed his scalp. —— fell down an eight-foot well shaft one dark night recently while under the range of enemy guns. —— is being treated for shrapnel under the arm. —— is being treated for frozen feet. Three other L.D.S. men have been hospitalized for minor illnesses and so on.

Then he quotes two brief statements from two of our boys who have written from distant statons:

An artillery shell landed where I had most recently been. I don't know whether it was luck or inspiration that caused me to move, but whatever it was I am mighty thankful.

And another said this:

I have one of those pocket editions of the Book of Mormon. I have just completed reading it and let me say it is the best book I have ever read. I was astounded at the wonderful prophecies it contained. My testimony has certainly been increased since I read the Book of Mormon. I can sincerely say the gospel means more to me than anything else in the world.

(To be concluded next month.)

We lose an Associate of the Star Office

Sister Edith Russell, who has been in the Star Office for the past twelve months, has been released from her mission to return home. Sister Russell came to the mission with unusual ability and training in the field of journalism, and while acting as Associate Editor of the Millenial Star has supplied a much needed touch, the Lady's touch, to the publication and to the office. The Star has been in continuous publication now for one hundred and five years, and in all of that time has had only one woman on the editorial staff. This is a very proud distinction, and the issues of the Star, which have been published under her direction, will stand as a testimonial to her ability and devotion to duty. She leaves with the love and confidence of the mission office staff, and will be missed by all of the readers of the Star in Britain and in the United States. We are sure she has a great future in her chosen profession, and we shall watch with interest the course of her career. We hope to receive articles from her for publication in the Star which she has grown to love with almost maternal affection.

Elder James P. Hill, who was a former editor, will assume the duties of the associate editor. We are fortunate in having an experienced man to take over in these times of labour shortage, and we bespeak for elder Hill the support and confidence of readers and subscribers alike. ED.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

LAUCINE

SAVAGE

CLARK

PASSING OF SISTER CLARK

THE death on 2nd August, 1944, of Sister Luacine Annetta Savage Clark, wife of President J. Reuben Clark, of the first Presidency, brought to an end the long and illustrious career of one of the most prominent and beloved women of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Sister Clark had been ill for several months.

The seventh child of a family of eleven, Sister Clark was born in Salt Lake City, on 12th July, 1871. Her father was the late Charles R. Savage, pioneer photographer and merchant, and the founder of the now Church-wide Old Folks movement. Her mother was Annie Fenn Adkins. Both the father and the mother were pioneers of 1860 from England.

Sister Clark has had a long and active career, which began as a teacher in Sunday School. When only eighteen years of age she enrolled in the Ward Relief Society, and served as a visiting teacher, although for many years she was the youngest member of the ward's society. She continued to be an ardent worker in the Relief Society, becoming a counsellor in the ward presidency, then a member of the Ensign Stake Board, and later being Stake Relief Society President.

Though Sister Clark has had an active career in her own right, she has devoted many years to being the companion and associate of her illustrious husband, President J. Reuben Clark, first counsellor in the first Presidency of the Church. She first met President Clark while he was attending the University of Utah, acting as secretary to Dr. James E. Talmage. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple by Dr. Talmage, on 14th September, 1898.

She spent her first married years in Heber City, where President Clark served as principal of the high school, and Cedar City, where he was acting principal of the Southern Branch of the State Normal School.

Then, with two young daughters to care for, she accompanied her husband to New York, where he studied law for three years.

During this period Sister Clark took boarders into her home to help with the family expenses. Upon graduation from Columbia, President Clark moved his family to Washington, which became their place of residence for the next thirteen years. Then the Clark family moved to Salt Lake, which had always been home to them, but in 1921 Sister Clark again accompanied her husband to Washington, D.C., while he served as Under Secretary of State.

Sister Clark's next stay in Salt Lake was interrupted by a three-year sojourn in Mexico City, where President Clark acted first as legal adviser to Ambassador Morrow, and then as ambassador to Mexico for the United States. During the years spent in Mexico Sister Clark presided with dignity, grace and friendly hospitality over the embassy. She had since cherished the friendships she made in Mexico and continued until her death to feel a sincere love and respect for the Mexican people. In addition to her travels throughout the United States and Mexico, she had been to Canada, Hawaii and Europe with her husband.

Wherever she has gone, whether with her husband, or in pursuit of her own activities, Sister Clark has made many friends. These join with her close associates and relatives in mourning her passing.

FRUIT

Did you ever see Covent Garden in peace-time, shortly after dawn, when the streets of London still have a mystery about them? And seen the great pyramids of fruit, and smelled the tang of oranges from Jaffa, and been delighted with the colour, the noise, the amazing activity of it all?

Did you ever see the young apple-girl whose cheeks are firm and red, and who sparkles at the tall young man in the cap and soiled buff coat? There is a nice sense of appropriateness about her selling apples. Her flesh is rather like that of a pippin, white and firm. She is raw-green fruit, but the man in the cap is too young to have his teeth set on edge. He smiles on her under his load of odorous vegetables and she shows her teeth and tosses her head in responce. He is thinking of how, when he was a lad, he stole apples. He was a pretty good thief—still is!

And the woman who sells peaches and grapes, squatting on an upturned orange box. Did you ever see her? She is enormous and has a way of looking warm in a faintly unclean fashion. She suggests she was quite beautiful once. Her husband is a coarse, blear-eyed man, whose breath is reminiscent of the "Dog and Gun." He sometimes holds the bag for his spouse to put the peaches in. He is obviously very much afraid of her. They have a child which sleeps in a decrepit perambulator and which cries occasionally. Did you ever see a peach fall into the gutter, and lie there, overripe, disgusting, ground under the heel of humanity? This peach woman . . . there is something about her. . . .

There is a little boy, too, who always seems to be there. His mother has a sweet smile, and the loud bass voice of a man. He darts about, ducking beneath the carts, between the multitudinous legs of men with baskets. Sometimes he evokes a curse, sometimes a shout and a laugh. He has old wise eyes, and the body of an elf. He isn't fruit yet, not even young, green fruit. He is scarcely the flower. Sometimes just a tiny grain of pollen on the wing of a bee. He hides behind sacks of turnips and bruises his knees on wooden crates. His mother scolds him in her deep, absurd voice, and looks at him as Mary must have looked at the infant Christ.

It was he who made me ask if you ever saw Covent Garden. There is Life there, and Death, and the promise of Eternity. It is a perpetual Harvest Home. There is Life in those delicious mountains of apples and oranges, melons and peaches, nuts and vegetables. There is the warm, unsullied breath of the soil in them, the vitality of God's sunshine, the pulsing sap drunk from the spilling of His rain-clouds. There is the toil of men's hands, the patience of their hearts, the aching of their backs, piled tier on tier upon the unlovely carts. There is the first ripple of scented Spring upon the orchards, the heat of Summer, the brown after-glow of Autumn, the white nudity of Winter — in one small apple.

Did you ever feel just a hint of sadness, while your voice praised God for Harvest Home? Did you ever wish that it could always be Eternal Spring, that the fruit might never drop off the tree? Did you ever enquire, with a certain hopelessness, why the elf-boy and the apple-girl and the peach-woman were necessary to that wonderful economy which is God's and wholly comprehensible to Him alone?

If there was not Autumn, there would be no Spring. If there was no ripe fruit there would be no seed. And if the seed were not planted and lost to the eye of man through the regenerating days of Autumn and Winter, there would be no awakening, no Resurrection.

There must always be the seed, the flower, the fruit—and the miracle of the bee's wing. And the only guarantee of the eternal Spring lies in the russet heart of Autumn.

E. R.

AUTUMN—

Did you ever wander through the countryside of England in September
Where the beauty of the colourings, ripened grain and heavy dew
Warn that Summer-time is merging into crisper days of Autumn,
While just off-stage stands Winter, waiting for his chilly cue?

Have you felt a wordless longing for the scented early blossoms,
And the beauty of the Springtime with its fleeting days of youth,
Have you almost wished for "static" time requiring no adjustments,
And resented Nature's "move along and go in search of truth?"

While there's beauty in the blossoms quite apart from fruits to follow,
It's a beauty that's prophetic of a coming harvest day,
For if Spring were made eternal there would never be a harvest,
If all the days were planting days, all nature would decay.

Let's be grateful for the seasons with their trials and contributions,
For the sternness of December and the tenderness of June,
Drab indeed would be existence if God's pictures were not "moving,"
We even welcome sunset just to see the Harvest Moon.

Those of us who know the pathos of the leaf when "sere and yellow,"
We, who in Life's garden feel that frost is in the air,
Often think of early Springtime and look back instead of forward,
As the coming of Life's Winter brings its whiteness to our hair.

There's no turning back to harbour once we've launched upon the voyage,
We must sail with dauntless courage and with faith to chart the way.
We'll be judged, not by the speed with which we travel,
But by the cargo we've collected from the ports along the way.

There's no landing port triumphant for the ship that stays in harbour,
It must sail, and in its sailings ne'er look back from whence it came,
Nature's bugle call sounds "forward," there's no glory in retreating,
Life calls for stamina and courage, and asks only "were you game?"

There's no calm upon the ocean where no engine throb is needed,
Where the sails may all be folded and vigilance suspended,
There's adventure on the journey from home port to port of landing,
And then another journey will begin when this is ended.

Yes, there's need for Spring and Summer, and for Autumn and for Winter,
Both in the seasons of the year and in the life of man:
But Spring should think of Autumn as it plants the future harvest,
For Autumn crops depend upon the way the Spring began.

And just as in the seasons, Spring-time always follow Winter,
So the twilight of Life's evening is the harbinger of morn,
And in the resurrection we'll be thankful for the voyage,
And the testing of our timber since the day that we were born.

H. B. B.

FORCES

TO A SERVICEMAN OF WORLD WAR II

The L.D.S. Co-Ordinator's Office,
London, 1944.

Dear Brother:

Now that the conflict is nearly over, and you, too, can look back upon the experiences of a war, let us compare notes and see if there were not many things which were common to us although two decades separate the times of our service. Retrospect seems somehow to clear the vision, or perhaps events when sifted through the memory are classified and labelled, and arranged, in the order of their importance. I think you'll retain the salutation which we have used throughout the years. Whenever you meet a comrade, I think, instead of "how are you, Bill," or "hello!" "good morning," or "Hi! there," you'll say as we have said throughout the years, "DO YOU REMEMBER?"

And so, although we did not serve together, may I presume to say, do you remember how you felt when you first changed your civilian clothes for a uniform, when you stripped down for the medical examination, and heard the sergeant barking an order at you? Did you resent his attitude of 'master,' and rebel against the implication that you had become a servant? And did it take you quite some time to adjust yourself to military discipline? Do you remember how difficult it was to curb your will and say "Yes, sir" when there were many other words which would have more accurately expressed your feelings?

Do you remember how the word "obey" stood out as an invitation to servility, and how later you came to realize that it was the magic word which made military laws innocuous, and smoothed your way throughout your service. How the word discipline seemed to connote punishment and force. And how you questioned your drill master's definition of discipline, viz: "Systematic training, exercise, development and control of the mental, moral and physical faculties, obedience to command, self control, orderly behaviour." How you came to realize that it was discipline which made the difference between an army and a mob, and that the success of our forces and the security of our freedom are due to discipline, personal and aggregate.

Going back a little farther in this memory test, do you remember before you went into military service you had come to grips with discipline, although you did not recognize it, or understand the meaning of the word, when at home there were those who because of their authority, and their love for you, guided, directed, restrained you. Perhaps you can recall events when, but for this supervision you would have suffered injury or loss.

Do you remember the thrill of hearing your officers say, "Now you're fully trained and ready to defend your country." And how, in the meantime, you had come almost automatically to obey commands, restrain impulses and act in harmony with established procedure. How you pitied the occasional misguided one who tried to "get by" by taking the circuitous route by disregarding the rules, and being a law unto himself? How when on parade he was led onto the hollow square to hear the reading of the verdict of the court marshal, and how you pitied him as he drank the bitter cup of folly?

But now I must talk with one of my comrades of the other war, about some things which for us are also past, but which for you are experiences which are just over the hill. "Old Comrade, do you remember how we felt when we first came home, when we laid off the uniform and took up civilian work, and tried to find our place in the community. How strange it seemed to suddenly be released from constant supervision, to be free to do as we pleased, to go and come without let or hindrance, to go to bed and to get up, or stay in bed "as the spirit moved," to tell all and sundry to go to blazes, and to keep our right hand in our pocket no matter whom we met."

"Do you remember how when the first thrill of our newly-found freedom was over, it dawned upon us that we were

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still subject to discipline, which though less blatant was even more insistent, though less punctilious was still inexorable? That though we were released from the army and no longer subject to military law we had not, and could not, escape from the necessity to obey. Our very maturity, the fact that we were veterans placed upon us a new responsibility. Suddenly we found ourselves handling the controls, solo flying with all its ecstasy—and danger."

"Do you remember how so many of our comrades found it very difficult to control and direct the pent-up energies which had pyramided behind the military wall like waters backed up behind a dam? How there was a flood of lawlessness and maladjustment with accompanying sorrow and distress. And how others had the good sense to take firm hold on the controls and make a successful and happy landing."

"Do you remember how anxious the civil authorities and all the folk at home were to co-operate with us, how grateful they were for what we'd done, and how ready they were to grasp our hands in friendship and united effort."

"How gradually we came to realise that the law of cause and effect was still in operation, and that we would reap as and what we sowed. That our military service, no matter how glorious, was not the summum bonum of all effort, that our service was but part of the work we gladly undertook in our determination to pass on to those who were to come after us a better world than we had known. That from our homecoming to the end of life we should need to devote ourselves to the work of re-construction, and that with self-imposed discipline we would strive to prove worthy of the country and the freedom for which we fought."

And now, brother, let us join hands across the years, and finish what we so haltingly began. Between the time when we came home and you went out many things were done, and left undone, which we wish we could forget. But for the sake of our comrades, yours and mine, and for the sake of those to whom you must pass the torch, the young men of 1964—2000, let us undertake to make a peacetime world which will say in more than words; YES WE DO REMEMBER AND WITH GOD'S HELP WE'LL NOT FORGET.

Sincerely your brother,

HUGH B. BROWN.

★ ★ ★

"ACTIVE SERVICE"

CAPTAIN IVAN L. CORBRIDGE is fighting with the boys "somewhere in France," and is making a good job of preaching the Gospel besides. He writes one of those letters which do your heart good, enquiring about baptizing a brother officer who has become interested in the truth. This man, he says, neither smokes nor drinks, has read the Book of Mormon twice, is engaged on its third reading, and he sends his tithing regulary to the Bishop of the Ward where he first attended Church. The Captain has a very high opinion of him, describing him as being sincere and worthy of baptism.

Co-ordinator Hugh B. Brown has been in correspondence with the applicant and has authorised Captain Corbridge to perform the ceremony. The Star and its readers congratulate the Captain on his interest in the spiritual well being of a fellow officer, and extend the hand of fellowship to his friend who has the courage of his convictions.

★ ★ ★

He Liked their Ways

A certain young sergeant in the American Army, who hails from Miami, Florida, came across some very peculiar people. He didn't know who they were, but he liked their ways. . . .

On 16th August, 1944, this boy went down into the waters of baptism, and the Elder who performed the ordinance was Staff Sergeant Joseph W. Gunn, of Salt Lake City, Utah, whose fine example of how the Gospel should be lived, brought another grand prospector to the search for Truth.

Will YOUR Boy be in the MAIL CALL?

WE HAVE before us a printed copy of a letter written by a young Lieutenant somewhere in New Guinea to his uncle in Auburn, Ind. The name of either is not important for this comment, but some of the young man's remarks are, we believe, so typical of what is passing through the minds of thousands of young men on the battle-fronts of the world that we feel that they are worth reproducing in part.

After referring to the manner in which the war has speeded up production, the young man, who has just received in March a Christmas card, sent to him long before the Yuletide season, continues:—

" Yet mail turtles along. Thousands of miles take thousands of minutes, but thousands of minutes to a homesick soldier climbs to a staggering total. It's Christmas cards in the spring. Birthday greetings long after you have forgotten the day. And even news of your new son, who weighs seven pounds, two ounces, and has a nose just like yours, arrives several weeks after he has shrilled his first call.

"But I'm certainly not complaining, for mail here embodies everything we're fighting for. When we are discouraged because we have no water to wash in; on the day a plane "goes in": after we've had hash again for chow—we look forward to mail call. The bark of 'Mail call. Come and get it!' is like, 'They're off!' at the track. The yell, as it comes whiping through the dust of camp, rouses men from every tent and shack, from the jungle and from the road. They hit a jog or an outright run to see if their names will crack the air. The cook lets his beans burn. The radio man forgets about his megocycles . . . The S-2 clerk spouts '. . .I wonder if Jeannie still loves me.'

"This mail is a wonderful thing. When it comes, worry about our little corner of war disappears. We're with you all at home again, and no one can take that time away from us.

"It was great to hear from you and to know that Auburn life is still going on as Auburn life should. I realize that many things are missing since the advent of this war, but basically there has been no change. And that's the way I want it to be, for if this struggle is to alter my home town and the people whom I know there, then there's no sense in fighting this battle.

"Some soldiers gripe about the folks at home having all the fun. I can't want them to have anything else, as long as it doesn't interfere with the help my men so vitally need to win this war. Life can't slam to a stop because we're on a little excursion.

"So thanks for remembering me and for being a part of the little city I left to come here. . . ."

There was a lot more than what we have quoted, but this put over the point we wish to make, which is that no one should fail to write to the loved ones and friends who are over there. If the "mail call" means so much to them on the far-flung perimeter of the world, and if it makes their worries and troubles disappear for even the shortest time, why deprive them of that little period of pleasure and relaxation? Can you do less than to keep those letters moving to the boys over there when they are placing their all on the altar of their country? Don't forget to write that letter today.

—"Deseret News."

"I WILL DRAW MEN UNTO ME

A PARABLE

by

NEPHI JENSEN

THREE men were travelling through a desert. A violent wind blinded the three with swirling sand. In their blindness they lost their way. They became exhausted and fell to the ground and were about to die.

The first heroically crawled to a spring and drank some cool water, was refreshed and walked home. The second was overtaken by a vendor of water and purchased some water, drank, was refreshed and walked home. The third was discovered by a gracious man who freely placed to the mouth of the dying man a canteen of cool water. The dying man drank deeply of the freely given water, was refreshed and walked home.

The first saved himself from immediate danger of death. But he was not saved morally, for he was just as selfish after his escape as before he became exhausted. In fact ever afterwards he boasted of his heroic escape. Neither was the second man really saved morally, for he, too, was just as selfish as the first, for he had received nothing from anyone that moved him to loving service.

Only the man who was saved by grace was really saved morally. For only to him came a love-given gift that moved him to love a saviour.

His love for a saviour impelled him to render loving service to his rescuer. This loving service purified his heart, and ennobled his character.

What that refreshing water, graciously given to the expiring man, was to the dying man, faith in Jesus Christ is, to the soul struggling to rise above the evils of life. This faith is the moral strength of the soul and the very essence of the all spiritual power.

Jesus Christ is the "author and finisher" of this faith. By His love-inspired sacrifice for us, he revealed His infinite goodness. By His victory over the grave He revealed His infinite power. This perfect revelation of divine love and power, moves us to have faith in and love for the Son of God; and impells us to serve Him because we love Him. And thus by the strong cords of faith and love He "draws" us up to His pure standard of life—the life of purified character and noble service.

—"The Instructor."

The Star's Oldest Reader

100 Years old This Month

Our most sincere congratulations, together with our love and esteem to Sister Johanna Porter, of Portsmouth, who this month, celebrates her 100th birthday. It is eighty-five years ago since she was baptised into the Church and since that time she has been a faithful Latter-day Saint.

This frail little lady can present to the world a splendid record of full tithing paid, of the Word of Wisdom kept, of fast-days observed, and of Covenants honoured.

Her failing sight prevents her from reading the Star personally, but she takes pleasure in having it read to her. We pray she will long continue to enjoy our pages.

Many happy returns of your birthday, dear sister, and may the Lord's choicest blessing crown your days with love and joy.

LETTER TO JOSEPH SMITH

MY BELOVED Joseph Smith,

I do not know why I am writing this letter, for even as I write I am aware that you have been dead these hundred years. Perhaps it is because I know that that body, felled by the mob on that fateful June afternoon, was not you at all, that you are alive and vibrant now as in those days when you stirred the world with revealed ideas and moved people with fearless actions.

Certainly the work you so nobly began is going forward as though your hand were reaching out through the years to guide it, and as I contemplate the million souls whose lives are patterned on the ideas God unfolded to you, it seems only that I am viewing you in your maturity and witnessing a mighty strength which I might have missed had I walked in your sight in those formative years.

And yet — would that I had known you. Would that I might have felt the kindness of your glance, the sympathy of your voice, and the tenderness of your hands. I might almost have become for a time your enemy, to have felt the deep fervour of your forgiveness. To have received such a letter as that you sent to William W. Phelps, after he had wronged you, would have been sweet indeed. I quote lines from it now to show you how I treasure and remember them after all these years:

> "You may, in some measures realize what my feelings, as well as Elder Rigdon's and Brother Hyrum's were, when we read your letter—truly our hearts were melted into tenderness and compassion when we ascertained your resolves. Inasmuch as long-suffering, patience, and mercy have ever characterized the dealings of our Heavenly Father toward the humble and penitent, I feel disposed to copy the example, cherish the same principles, and by so doing be a saviour of my fellow men.
>
> It is true that we have suffered much in consequence of your behaviour—the cup of gall, already full enough for mortals to drink, was indeed filled to overflowing when you turned against us. One with whom we had often taken sweet council together, and enjoyed many refreshing seasons from the Lord—"had it been an enemy, we could have borne it."
>
> Believing your confession to be real, and your repentance genuine, I shall be happy once again to give you the right hand of fellowship, and rejoice over the returning prodigal. . . . Come on, dear brother, since the war is past—for friends at first, are friends again at last."

The spirit of compassion and forgiveness in that letter wipes from my memory all the lies and evil things which men have told me of you.

When you declared, "The glory of God is intelligence, or in other words, light and truth," you put forever in your debt all those who seek God in an enlightened age. But you have not only brought light upon the nature of God, you have caused me to realize that man is his offspring, and thus created the only possible postulate upon which can ever be built a lasting brotherhood among men.

In an age of skeptics and doubters you have found purpose and design in creation. An entire philosophy might be built upon that grand sentence found in the Book of Mormon, "Men are that they might have joy." That idea bespeaks the death knell of the ascetic—it is the pass-

Editor, the Department of Education; Instructor, the L.D.S. Missionary Home; Principal, West Seminary; Teacher, L.D.S. Business College

27th June, 1944.

word to wholesome recreation and joyous living. You would take pride in the programme for happiness which that idea has called forth in the Church you brought into being.

You dignified both God and man when you brought to light God's pronouncement, "This is my work and my glory, to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

The age-old turmoil of Christian thought over the place of wealth seems childish when I read these glorious lines:

> "Think of your brethren like unto yourselves, and be familiar with all and free with substance, that they may be rich like unto you.
>
> But before ye seek for riches, seek ye for the kingdom of God.
>
> And after that ye have obtained a hope in Christ ye shall obtain riches if ye seek them; and ye will seek them for the intent to do good—to clothe the naked, and to feed the hungry, and to liberate the captive, and to administer relief to the sick and the afflicted."

That statement alone will be an eternal monument to your work and an everlasting condemnation of man-made poverty.

I shall ever be grateful that you have taken superstition out of religion, and given the basis upon which we may build an intelligent faith. I believe that I catch something of your great thought when you say:

> "There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundation of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—And when we obtain any blessing from God it is by obedience to the law upon which it is predicted."

When intolerance and narrow-mindedness surround me, I am cheered and heartened by your declaration on the goodness and mercy of our Father in heaven. I like especially these lines of yours:

> " . . . while one portion of the human race is judging and condemning the other without mercy, the Great Parent of the universe looks upon the whole of the human family with a fatherly care and paternal regard. He views them as His offspring, and without any of those protracted feelings that influence the children of men, causes "His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." He holds the rein of judgment in His hands; He is a wise lawgiver, and will judge all men, not according to the narrow, contracted notions of men, but "according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil," or whether these deeds were done in England, America, Spain, Turkey or India. He will judge them, "not according to what they have not, but according to what they have," those who have lived without law, will be judged without law: and those who have a law will be judged by that law.

Joseph, you are more than a national character. Your God-given ideas of universal salvation are the hope of the whole world. The eternal truths you taught belong to the nations.

It should please you to see how well the Church organization works in so many lands and under so many types of government — how it has been flexible enough to meet all elements of change and growth of membership, while retaining the democratic principles you laid down on the day the Church came into being. I will not say that you built "better than you knew," for you never once doubted that your teachings were of God, nor do I doubt them now. . . .

I look upon your own entrance into that other world on that fateful June day as sweet. On this hundredth anniversary of your death, I have cause only to rejoice—for in the grace of the Almighty you are not lost to mankind — you are only beginning to be found.

Affectionately,

WILLIAM E. BERRETT

"WE MAY LEAVE OUR HOMES— BUT THE FAITH— WE CARRY WITH US!"

IN THE City of London not far from the headquarters of the American Forces is located the Chaplain's headquarters. In this four storey building there is a small Chapel large enough for about twenty-five persons. In the Chapel, and, at times, in the room adjoining it, when the attendance was large, have been held some of the most inspirational Latter-day Saint services I have ever been privileged to attend. Here, once a week, there meets a small group of service men and women, most of them from the Western part of the United States and Canada, some from England, to hold a combined Sunday School, Sacrament and Testimony meeting. Many have been able to attend only once and then gone on to other parts of England, or the Continent, others have been able to attend regularly. Always there is the same feeling of spirituality and thankfulness present.

How did this organization come about? No different than hundreds of others just like it, here in England, in the States, in Italy, in Africa, in the Pacific, wherever Service men and women of the Mormon faith have found themselves. We may leave our homes and our own wards or branches behind us, but the desire to grow and develop in the true faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints we carry with us always, and in so doing we have a strong link with those homes and wards we have temporarily left. Our Church Authorities have very wisely followed the plan of encouraging and assisting in the organization at home and abroad of Service groups for holding meetings, and placed the job in the able hands of President Hugh B. Brown. President Brown's work in the States has been a remarkable one—it seemed he was everywhere to give a helping hand. When he came to us in England we were grateful. With his encouragement a few of us under the leadership of Elder Allen Jensen, organized the services for the Service men and women of the London area. That was in early May of 1944, and the services have been continuous every Sunday morning since then . Several times the flying-bombs threatened us, as we listened to their ominous roar, the cutting out and the dull thud, but none came close enough to stop the services, although voices had to be raised at times to compete with the noise. At first there were six or eight service men in the group. We knew it was only a matter of letting other Latter-day Saints know of the meetings, so notices were placed on bulletine boards and in bulletins, word was spread by contacting others we knew, and in time the meetings grew until we have had an attendance of thirty at some meetings. The average attendance is about twenty. Keeping a changing personnel and those in London for only a few days on leave, informed of the meetings and the location, is still the greatest problem.

The plan drawn up of the Sunday morning service departs from the regular Sunday School or fast meeting service, because it was felt a combination was needed. Here was gathered together those who often had not had the chance to attend the services of our faith for some time, and perhaps would not have the chance to do so again for a long period of time, for who knew where he would be when another Sunday rolled around? The combination, worked out, made for a programme like this:

Opening Song and Prayer.
Sacrament Song and Administration of the Sacrament.
Two Five Minute Talks.
Bearing of Testimonies.
Sunday School Lesson.
Closing Song and Prayer.

There is a presiding elder and a teacher for the entire group. Usually the meetings last for an hour-and-a-half, with the inevitable Mormon custom of visiting with each other for a half hour or more after the close of the meetings. Even in far-off England there are old friends and sometimes relatives, who turn up, and

by

Capt. Robt. H. SLOVER

who haven't been seen in many months. It is even more of a thrill to see a friend from home when that home is so far away.

At first for our songs we relied on the small song books issued by the Church for Army services, but with the temporary closing of the Mission Home in London, we were loaned the regular Sunday School song books. Brother Jensen does an excellent job of pumping out of the small field organ the Army furnishes, and a few of the men have proved to have surprisingly good voices, to the extent of organizing a quartet which practised and sang until some of the members moved on. The strains of "Come, Come, Ye Saints," "Oh, My Father," and other old-timers, usually get the meetings off to a good start. Two of the elders present bless and administer the sacrament, and two members give talks. At first it was decided to have the talks centre around the "Articles of Faith." All of the articles were discussed, and then the speakers began choosing their own subjects. Every talk given has been full of sincerity and truth, given as if it were a privilege to be able to stand once again before a group of Latter-day Saints and say what was in the speaker's heart. Usually it is a newcomer to the meetings, or one who is to be there for only one meeting, who will give the talk, because it is hoped all will have the opportunity to pass on their thoughts and inspirations to others.

It is, perhaps, in the fifteen to thirty minutes given to the bearing of testimonies that the spiritual feeling of the meeting is most manifested. Here are a group of men and women who know the truthfulness of the Gospel, who know what living its principles can mean, and what it has done for them. Now, more than ever, they are feeling its power in them. To hear boys who have only the day before faced death while flying a bomber over enemy territory tell of what the Church has done for them, how it has kept their lives clean and good, in spite of contrary influences, is a real inspiration. To hear men compare those who have lived a long, useful and happy life in the Church, to those who, having had the same opportunity but not taken it and so ending up broken and defeated, gives cause for thought and thankfulness. To hear those who have been away from the privilege of attending services for months at a time, stand on their feet and express their joy and happiness at being able to testify once again as to the truthfulness of the teachings of the Church of Jesus Christ, and that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God, is to have your own faith strengthened. To hear someone tell how his faith has kept him in the paths of righteousness and helped him to live a clean life and be respected for it, is a real thrill. And so it has gone on, time after time. Scarcely a Sunday passes without some such manifestation from some brother or sister. Perhaps it is the circumstances which strips away everything but realities, perhaps the close-knit group, perhaps being so far from home—that makes everyone feel that he or she should take these few minutes to put into words the meaning of the teachings and of the principles of the Gospel and the results of living by those principles. As one brother so aptly put it, because of being here and being away from home, "I am going to live a fuller life when I go home, enjoy the beauties of nature more, be kinder to my family, neighbours, and friends, and be

a better Mormon."

Elder Jensen has devised a unique way of creating a lively interest in the lessons which he teaches, and has succeeded in getting good discussions during the lessons. Since many of the group are former missionaries it was decided to examine the whole field of religion, and of the Mormon concepts of religion, from the viewpoint of a skeptic, to see if we could not adequately answer questions asked of us by non-members. We all have the experience of being queried about our religion the moment it is found out we belong to the Latter-day Saint faith. So Elder Jensen has taken the role of the skeptic and raised questions, which he asks the class to prove to him. This teaching method has been effective, and the whole problem of the existence of God, need for religion, the teachings of Jesus, and the principles of religion, have been examined. At present we are just starting the study of the doctrines and forms of our Church, and their meaning. This will include such things as the doctrines of baptism, eternal marriage, laying on of hands, temple work, repentance and atonement. Not only do we plan to examine and study our own beliefs in these subjects, but chaplains of other faiths have been giving us the beliefs of their Churches on these principles. Several times we have gone off on a tangent to discuss present-day problems of the Church, such as its part in the welfare of its people and the recreation programme. There have been excellent ideas brought forth to help strengthen these and other Church programmes.

It is hoped that, until there is no longer any need for a Service meeting in London, our meetings will continue and that old faces will be replaced by new ones, as some of the older members go on to the Continent and elsewhere. It is hoped that those who find themselves in London for only a few days will take advantage of the services and take part in them. There is a welcome for all, and I know you will find that same spirit of truthfulness and faith present which has served to strengthen us, and made us more determined to live up to the principles of the Mormon faith, and indeed follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

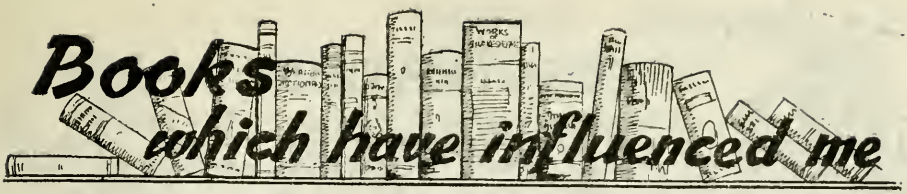
THE DREAM AFLAME

By **CARLTON CULMSEE**

A Youth with labour-thickened fingers groped
At curtains hung about; grey smothering cloth
That made him faint and wroth,
Baffling the eyes that always strained and hoped.
At last one time he wrenched the cloth aside
And let the sun flow swift and clear and wide.

He let the air in, air of gusty hills,
Cool unbreathed air that youth delights to draw.
And half alarmed, he saw
Far lands and high, to which the wings of wills
Could bear the race; a vision to delight
All youth that loves a stern and splendid fight

Once let them hear the story in the tongue
Of youth; once let them see the dream aflame
As bright as when it came—
They'll stand with the proud power of the young,
Lay down their selfishness, their bickering,
And take the high trail with a buoyant swing.



No. 3

"LORNA DOONE"

by Richard D. Blackmore

ROMANCE of Exmoor in the days of Charles II.—Story of the deep, strong, yet tender love, of the huge John Ridd ("girt Jan Ridd")—a simple Somerset yeoman—for a lady of rank, who has been kidnapped by the outlaw Doones—terrors of the countryside and slayers of John's own father.

Into the story are woven descriptions of events then current: the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth's rebellion; the awful retribution meted out by pitiless Judge Jeffreys; how the Doone's violence, passively endured for years, was ended by ruthless extermination. John Ridd figures prominently in this justifiable purge and receives knighthood from Charles II.—"And I said to the King, 'Sir, I am very much obliged. But what am I to do with it?' "

I admire John for that scorn of "honours," for his true manliness, his modesty, his simple-minded rusticity, his physical prowess—but still more for the tenderness of his heart toward weaker beings, and yet more for the chivalrous, fine qualities of his love for Lorna.—"Hereupon it went hard with me, not to catch her up and kiss her—only it smote me suddenly that this would be a low advantage of her trust and helplessness."—And, later in the story, "To be loved by Lorna, the fairest creature on God's earth, and the most enchanting, the lady of high birth and mind; and I, a mere clumsy, blundering yeoman."

Being plebian, I can appreciate the scene in which "the old white drake" is rescued from his "sad predicament"—"and his family gathered around him and they all made a noise in their throats, and stood up, and put their bills together to thank God for this great deliverance."

Marvellous pen-pictures of people await you here. Betty Muxworthy, the illiterate, dominating spinster-servant, who "never would believe in reading—but stoutly maintained to the very last that people first learned things by heart, then pretended to make them out from patterns." John Fry, the farmhand, who "strode into the hostel with the air and grace of a short-legged man, and shouted as loud as if he was calling sheep upon Exmoor: 'Hot mooton pasty for twoo trarv'lers' " . . . "Our Annie," beautiful and gentle, who married the highwayman, Tom Faggus. "Our Lizzie," vixenlike in character. — And many others, all wonderfully depicted.

Would you catch the breath of the English countryside? Here it is! . . . "The spring was in our valley now, creeping first for shelter shyly in the pause of the blustering wind. All the air was a fount of freshness, and the earth of gladness, and the laughing waters prattled at the kindness of the sun."

Then read of the terrible winter: "Where the snow drove in, a great white billow, as high as a barn and as broad as a house.—And all the while, from the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at every blast came the pelting, pitiless arrows."

Real country humour, with all its native pungency, is contained here: "And I have often noticed that the plumpest and most perfect women never eat so hard, and fast, as the skinny and three-cornered ones."

There is so much beauty of language, so much humour, action and human nature in varied forms, that you must read the book again, only to find it seems better than ever.

—NORMAN DUNN.

Dr. Bennion discusses
PROCREATION

IN THE human family woman is the great Creator. No work of art is as beautiful, nor any creation of science as miraculous, as the creation of a lovely healthy child. Two cells, male and female, unite to form a single fertilised cell, which normally attaches itself to the wall of the mother's womb. To think that within that cell are all the potentialities of the full-grown adult—of a Beethoven, Lincoln, Shakespeare, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Marie Curie, Jane Adams, of the person dearest to you; that this cell has the power to divide itself again and again, until in nine months a fully developed baby comes into the world eager to make his demands on life known!

This child is the product of mother and father. His heredity is derived almost equally from each. In him their lives are literally united as one. Great as the child is potentially, in his present state and for years and years, he needs the guiding hand of both father and mother. He needs the experience in his early life of sensing a deep bond of love not only towards himself, but between his parents. A child's own emotional development depends as much on the attitude of his parents toward each other as on anything else.

Marriage is the ideal relationship for the bearing and rearing of children. The expectant mother needs the encouragement, the love, the care, and the honour of a constant and devoted companion. These things give her courage, joy, and faith in an experience that involves self-sacrifice and suffering on her part. She knows she is living for one whom she loves and who loves her. She knows that the child will be theirs because of her courage and giving.

A child needs two loving parents. The illegitimate child, one which develops and is born out of wedlock, comes into the world in a handicapped position. Without an acknowledged father, a great burden, physical and psychological, falls upon his mother. She is not ideally prepared for his birth. The child may not be wanted under these circumstances. He may be cared for by his grandparents, who, no matter how lovely and self-sacrificing they may be, are seldom in a condition to begin again the arduous task of rearing a little child.

Today with a knowledge of birth-control practices widespread many unmarried people believe that they can love one another intimately without running the risk of conception and childbirth. The truth is that conception or fertilisation may occur whenever sex relations take place. The most effective birth-control practices used in marriage, under the guidance of an excellent physician, are not absolutely sure. Outside the marriage relationship, under much less favourable circumstances, they often fail in their purpose.

When they do, an illegitimiate child may be expected. Sometimes girls try to avoid this unhappy result by interrupting the development of the foetus, or the unborn child. Such an act is called an abortion. It is extremely hard on the physical and mental health of the mother and endangers her life. To safeguard the very life of a mother, in or out of marriage, is the only condition under which a good physician would perform an abortion justifiably. Girls should never have to have the most creative experience of womanhood, that of bringing a child into a happy home, end in failure and defeat.

Even if birth control practices were 100 per cent. effective chastity would still be necessary and ideal, for not only the procreative function, but the other functions of sex in the relationship of man and woman cannot be fulfilled satisfactorily out of wedlock. Marriage, alone, provides the good setting for the realisation of complete love between man and woman. Why this is true will be clear as we discuss the second function of sex.

In our next issue Dr. Bennion will discuss "The Spiritual Bond between Husband and Wife."

Lowell L. Bennion

'Today and Tomorrow'

PRIMARY

Dear Primary Workers,

The Primary Conference gave us all a new determination to push this Primary work along, and to put forth every effort to train our children — and, yes, the children outside of the Church, 'teaching them to be worthy to be called Latter-day Saints.

The lessons outlined have been prepared by the General Primary Board—with the backing of the First Presidency—and after much prayer and effort, so please follow them, even if your children are all non-members. You will find, if you will only "seek wisdom and council" from your Heavenly Father, that you will be able to bring out the main points of the lessons—teaching love, courage and industry—without any fear of offending anyone, no matter what their belief. The main object of the lessons is to teach the children to love their God, their parents and each other, to keep healthy, to give service to their fellowmen and to gain knowledge.

Whilst doing this for the children, the teacher is gaining even more knowledge than she is giving to the children. You will find instructions on teaching in connection with the lessons, besides the Teacher Training Course of Instructions—to be used especially at the Union meetings.

Joseph Fielding Smith tells us that these children are "the hope of Israel. And upon them will rest, by and by, responsibility of the bearing of the Kingdom of God in the earth."

The responsibility rests upon you—and some day you will be held accountable for it. Are you doing your part? Let us make this the greatest Primary year for a long, long time. May God bless you in your work.

—THE PRIMARY BOARD.

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Notices

The Primary Lesson Books are now ready and will cost sixpence per month, instead of the previous sixpence per quarter. We regret this, but, owing to the high cost of materials, this increase has proved unavoidable. We are confident that the contents being of such undoubted excellence you will still find them cheap at the price! When ordering, please be good enough to send money with order. This eliminates confusion and greatly assists those responsible for their despatch.

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Reports

The subject of reports is one which has, in the past, been regarded with distaste. Reports have indeed become a bugbear. **From now on**, fellow workers of Primary, they are not going to be approached tentatively. They are an indispensable feature of Primary work and, as such, **must not be neglected!** Please send in your report regularly. The effort it entails will not go unrewarded!

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Sacrament Gem for October

Bless us dear Lord, for Jesus' sake
O may we worthy partake
These emblems of the flesh and blood
Of our Redeemer, Saviour, God.

—Eliza R. Snow Smith.

RELIEF SOCIETY

BRITISH MISSION

Dear Sisters,

LOOKING back one hundred and two years we realize with what prophetic vision the Prophet Joseph Smith organized our Relief Society. For he marked out objectives so broad and so encompassing that the powers and talents of all Latter-day Saint women should find full expression in an earnestness to carry out the measure of its creation.

To be a member of this organization carries with it a grave responsibility—a grave responsibility because it is so easy for error to creep in, formation of little cliques causing segregation of sisters, which means in time a general falling away from the very purposes for which this organization was founded—namely, not only to deal with the necessities of the poor, sick and needy, but a larger part, even that of looking after the spiritual welfare of mothers and daughters in Zion. To endeavour to see that none is neglected, but that as far as possible all are guarded against misfortune, calamities and the powers of evil that are ever present.

But its greatest strength is in the fact that direction and guidance has ever been given it by the Priesthood of God.

We feel, and rightly, too, that our calling into positions of responsibility has been by inspiration. We recall the fact that our Heavenly Father does nothing, but that He reveals His mind and will to His servants, which servants we are.

If, then, our Heavenly Father is so gracious to co-operate with His children, how very privileged we should feel to be His associates through our willingness to co-operate with our sisters and brothers to the building up of our Relief Society, and to carrying on its work. How pleasant to mingle together in this work of freedom and peace.

Who does not feel a deeper spiritual happiness when they have helped someone who was in need? We all feel the need for spirituality, both in our homes and the homes of people we visit. Can we honestly and truthfully say we are willing to dedicate anew our lives to the service of mankind, and strive with all our might to perform the work we have been asked to do? We can prove ourselves as worthy as the women of old of receiving the promised reward. We are placed in a situation where we can act according to the sympathies which God placed in our bosoms. By grasping each opportunity which comes our way we can show our appreciation to God for His goodness to us, and the privilege of being called His daughters.

We could here repeat a passage from the prayer offered by President Wilford Woodruff, at the dedication of Salt Lake Temple: "We would hold up before Thee, O Lord, the Relief Societies, with all their members; and all those who preside in their midst according to their callings and appointments, general or local. Bless the teachers in their labours of mercy and charity, who, as ministering angels visit the homes of the sick and the needy, bearing succour, consolation and comfort to the unfortunate and sorrowful." Is our Relief Society fit to hold up before God? Let us look to ourselves. Are we as Presidents, Counsellors, Secretaries and Supervisors, doing our special part toward the perfection of whole? We cannot be too diligent in our labours in helping and sustaining our fellow members, and those outside the Church who need our help and support.

By the co-operation of each Branch let us make Relief Society in the British Mission a 'Star' in its own right.

Sincerely—Your Sisters in the Gospel.

FLORENCE B. DUNN, President.
DORA SMITH, Secretary.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

GLEANER DEPARTMENT

THE Gleaner Sheaf is predicated upon the 24th Psalm, third to fifth verses inclusive, as follows:

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in His Holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

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I, a Gleaner, from this season's gleaning, shall come forth bearing my four-fold sheaf:

First I shall bring a clean body—nothing forbidden shall enter it—no corruption shall touch it. It is my surety of eternal joy.

Second, I shall bring from my gleaning a pure heart. From it shall flow high ideals, pure thoughts, clean speech, righteous actions.. By the pure eye of faith I shall see God.

Third, from my season's gleanings, I shall bring an humble, obedient spirit.

I shall obey God's laws with delight.

I shall honour my womanhood.

I shall intelligently, diligently, and prayerfully perform my duties.

I shall know God.

Fourth, from my season's gleanings, I shall bring an honest mind.

I shall not bear false witness.

I shall speak truly.

I shall honour my word.

I shall learn the truth and the truth shall make me free.

Thus bearing my fourfold sheaf, I shall hope to ascend into the hill of the Lord and stand in His holy place; then shall I receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of my salvation.

—ROSE WALLACE BENNETT.

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My Dear Gleaner Girls:

In these days of great temptation, when sin is so prevalent in the world, the time is opportune to stress the importance and beauty of the Gleaner Code of Living. Do you study your manual? Have you attempted and enjoyed those features of Comradery, Expresssion Night, Treasures of Truth Books, and all the endless opportunities for self-expression which Gleaner work alone can afford you?

The manual is rich with suggestions, which, if followed, will ensure the success of your group. They encourage and develop initiative. They point the way to the more abundant life, and make beautiful the womanhood of the Church of Christ.

Study your manual. Remember that "Life is God's gift to us, and what we make of it is our gift to God."

May God bless you in your Gleaning,

Sincerely,

LOIS COLLINS,

Pres. Y.W.M.I.A.

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Remember the Comraderies

Annual Membership Ceremony

Golden Gleaners

Expression Night

We treasure our truths

Binding the Sheaf

PERSONALS

ENGAGEMENTS AND MARRIAGES

CAMM—PASSEY.—On 2nd September, 1944, at the Registry Office, Otley, Yorkshire, by special licence, Brother Blair C. Passey (Royal Canadian Air Force), of Magrath, Alberta, Canada, to Sister Doreen Elizabeth Camm, of Leeds Branch. Honeymoon spent at Redcar, Yorkshire.

HILL—DUNN. — The marriage took place on 5th August, 1944, at Heanor Parish Church, of Sister Alice Evelyn Hill, of the Eastwood Branch, and Mr. William Leslie Dunn. The bride, dressed in white, was given away by her father, Bro. Sydney C. Hill, and the Reverend Douglas Smith performed the ceremony.

GENT—EVANS. — Approximately two hundred people attended the marriage of Elder George A. H. Evans, of Wolverhampton, to Sister Gladys A. Gent, daughter of President and Sister George E. Gent, of Nottingham District. President Norman Dunn performed the ceremony, and Elder E. John S. Jones, of Birmingham, was best man.

THOMSON—OSBORN. — The engagement is announced between Elder Horace B. Thompson, United States Army, of St. George, Utah, and Gladys, youngest daughter of Sister Kate M. Osborn and the late Ernest W. Osborn, of the St. Albans Branch, North London District.

MOORHEAD—HATCH.—The engagement is announced between Sister Doreen L. Moorhead, of the Luton Branch, and Elder Reed Hatch, of Alberta, Canada, now serving in the Canadian Forces.

BIRTHS AND BLESSINGS

CUNNINGHAM. — On 13th August, 1944, at St. Albans, Herts., the infant daughter, born to Brother and Sister James R. Cunningham, of the South London Branch, on 27th July, 1944, was blessed by her father and given the names Cora Lynn.

PATTERSON. — The infant son, born to Brother and Sister John Seymour Patterson (U.S.A.), on 23rd December, 1943, was blessed by British Mission President Hugh B. Brown, and given the names Russell Seymour.

DEATHS

SPENCER.—The death occurred of Sister Doris Eccles Spencer, of the Accrington Branch, on Friday, 23rd June. The interment took place on 26th June, President Herbert F. Taylor and Elder Eddie Preston officiated.

PULLAN.—Sister Sarah Ellen Pullan, a member of the Gainsborough Branch, and late of Grimsby and Rochdale, died on Thursday, 13th July, at the age of 68. A memorial service was held on the following Sunday, at the Chapel, in Rochdale, her home town. The next day she was buried in Heywood (Lancs.) Cemetery, the service being conducted by Elder Eric Thorp, of Gainsborough. President John Woodhead, of the Rochdale Branch, dedicated the grave.

SHORTLE. — The death occurred on 10th April, 1944, of Sister Augusta Mary Shortle, of Bolton and Plymouth, aged 75 years. She was interred at Efford Cemetery, Plymouth.

"THEY LIKE THE STAR"

THANK YOU!

A grand magazine. I shall be pleased and very proud to show it to my friends.

NORMAN DUNN, Birmingham

THE "STAR" WAS WELCOME

The "Star" came, and I was surely very happy to receive it. It is such good reading material, and will be always heartily welcomed.

St. Sgt. WALLACE S. ODD, 39675562,

DELIGHTFUL READING

I want to thank you for the Millennial Star," which I found very delightful to read.

I hope you will do me the favour of sending me a copy from time to time.

933723 AC.1 FOSTER, E.,
Royal Air Force, India.

WIT'S ENDS

IN A LIGHTER VEIN

CONFIDENCE

Insurance Salesman: "Now that you're married and have the responsibility of a wife, you will surely want to take out life insurance?"

Bridegroom: "Insurance? Shucks, no. Why she's not the least bit dangerous."

KNEW HER LANDMARKS

Dear Old Lady: "Captain, would you please help me find my stateroom?"

Captain: "Have you forgotten what number it is madam?"

D. O. L.: "Yes, but I'll know if I see it again; there was a lighthouse just outside the window."

SOME DARKNESS

A Negro preacher had announced his text, "And darkness fell upon the earth, and gross darkness on the minds of the people."

" 'Splain to us whut 'gross darkness' means," suggested one of his faithful followers in the front pew.

"All right," replied the pastor. "I kin do dat. 'Gross darkness' means one hundred an' forty-fo' times darker'n dark."

DILEMMA SOLVED.

"If you do not close that window, waiter, I shall die from the draught," said a lady diner. "And if you do close it I shall die from the heat in this hot weather!" exclaimed a stouter lady. There was a giggle amongst the diners at the dilemma of the waiter, when a literary gentleman said: "My good fellow, your duty is clear; close the window and kill one lady; then open it and kill the other."

PROMOTED

Rastus: "Ah's sure advanced in de pas' couple ob years."

Mose: "How's dat?"

Rastus: "Well, two years ago Ah was called a lazy loafer, and now Ah's listed as an unfortunate victim ob de unemployment situation."

COURTESY FIRST

An Angler, who had been trying for six hours to hook something, was sitting gloomily at his task when a mother and hersmall son came along.

"Oh," cried out the youngster, "do let me see you catch a fish!"

Addressing the angler, the mother said severely, "Now, don't you catch a fish for him until he says, 'Please!' "

THE DIRECT ROUTE

Old Jock McTavish told a friend he was running for an undertaker as his wife was seriously ill.

"But," remonstrated the friend, "it's not an undertaker you want; it's a doctor."

"No, no," was the reply, "I canna afford to deal wi' middlemen."

WHY MANDY TRIBULATED

Mandy Walker, a negress who washed for a Mrs. Frisk, came one day with a tale of woe calculated to awaken pity in the hardest heart.

"Cheer up, Mandy," said Mrs. Frisk consolingly. "There's no use in worrying."

But Mandy held other views. "How come dere's no use n wiroryin'?" she asked. "When de good Lawd sends me tribulation. He 'spects me to tribulate, don't he?"

LATTER-DAY SAINT MEETING PLACES IN BRITAIN

BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT

Handsworth:
23, Booth Street.
Kidderminster:
25, Park Street.
Kingstanding:
Peckham Rd. Schools.
Northampton:
89, St. Michael's Road.
Nuneaton:
Masonic Hall,
Newdegate Street.
Sparkbrook:
Conway Rd. Schools.
Wolverhampton:
Washington Bldgs.,
Queen Street.

BRISTOL DISTRICT

BRISTOL
Zion Road,
off Clarence Road.
Stroud:
Harley Wood,
Nailsworth.
Salisbury:
British Legion Hall,
Market Place.
Enq.: Calvin Mount,
297, Devises Road.
Hanham:
Co-Operative Hall,
High Street,
Kingswood,
Plymouth:
77, Beaconsfield Road,
Peverall.
Weston-super-Mare:
23, Chesham Rd., N.

HULL DISTRICT

Gainsborough:
Cine Hall,
Bridge Street.
Grimsby:
Thrift Hall,
Pasture Street.
Hull:
Wellington Lane.

IRISH DISTRICT

Belfast:
122, Upper North St.
Dublin:
At Mills Caterers,
8, Merrion Row.

LEEDS DISTRICT

Batley:
Well Lane.
Bradford:
Woodlands Street.
Clayton:
Gordon Street.
Halifax:
38, Clare Road,
off Horton Street.
Leeds:
5, King Charles St.
Pudsey:
8, Fern Terrace,
Thorp Road.

LIVERPOOL DISTRICT

Blackburn:
89, Regent Street.
Burnley:
1, Liverpool Road,
Rosegrove.
Liverpool:
301, Edge Lane,
Nelson:
10, Hibson Road.
Preston, Lancs.:
44, Avenham Street.
Wallasey:
Enq.: 3, Kirk Cottages, Earlston Road.
Wigan:
6, Standishgate.

SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT

Aldershot:
11, Orchard Gardens.
Brighton:
77, Grand Parade
Portsmouth:
c o Mrs. Ruth Tomes,
94, Hambledon Road,
Waterlooville.
South London:
149, Nightingale Lane,
S.W.12.

NORTH LONDON DISTRICT

Chiswick:
1a, Chiswick Common
Road, Turnham Green.
Gravesend:
142, Parrock Street.
Letchworth:
Vasanta Hall,
Gernon Walk.
Luton:
Dallow Road.
North London:
59, Clissold Rd., N.16.
St. Albans:
49, Spencer Street.

MANCHESTER DISTRICT

Bury:
15, Broad Street.
Hyde:
29, Beeley Street.
Manchester:
88, Clarendon Road,
Chorlton-on-Medlock.
Oldham:
Neville Street.
Rochdale:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Lower Sheriff Street.

NEWCASTLE DISTRICT

Gateshead:
Westfield Hall,
Westfield Terrace.
Middlesbrough:
21 Bottomly Street.
Shildon:
100, Main Street.
South Shields:
36, Fowler Street.
Sunderland:
L. D. S. Chapel,
18, Tunstall Road.
West Hartlepool:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Corner of Osborne
Road and Dalton St.

NORWICH DISTRICT

Gt. Yarmouth:
56, Wolseley Road.
Lowestoft:
L. D. S. Hall,
20, Clapham Road.
Norwich:
60, Park Lane.

NOTTINGHAM DISTRICT

Derby:
Unity Hall.
Eastwood:
Library, Church St.
Hucknall:
Byron Buildings.
Leicester:
All Saints' Open,
Great Central Street.
Loughborough:
Adult School.
Mansfield:
39a, Albert Street.
Nottingham:
The Institute,
Radstock Road.

SCOTTISH DISTRICT

Aberdeen:
Room 26,
17, St. Nicholas Street.
Airdrie:
136, Graham Street,
Edinburgh:
Enq.: 48, London St.
Glasgow:
Masonic Hall.
30, Abbotsford Pl.,C.5.

SHEFFIELD DISTRICT

Barnsley:
Arcade Buildings.
Doncaster:
Trafford Street.
Rawmarsh:
Main Street.
Sheffield:
Lyons Road.

WELSH DISTRICT

Merthyr Tydfil:
Penyard Road.
Varteg:
Memorial Hall.
Pontllanfraith:
81, Bryntog Street.
Cheltenham:
13, St. Paul's Road.

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